

Animals

OUR DUMB

MAJOR 1955

STATE POST



SIESTA HOUR

Photo, Mildred Lee Johnson



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
 Assistant Editor — RUTH W. ABELLS
 Circulation Mgr. — MARY C. RICHARDS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year — \$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 88 — NO. 3

Animals

MARCH, 1955

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
 AND
 AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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A. H. A. Directors

LAST year, before the Atlanta meeting of the A.H.A., the membership received numerous form letters sent out by various individuals and groups. They were largely designed to obtain support and votes for various candidates running for office to fill three A.H.A. directorates, and thus the whole issue of Directors for the national organization came out into the open.

In the past, such elections have been perfunctory affairs. The A.H.A. Nominating Committee would present three names, the membership in attendance would say, "Aye," and that was it.

But, not so in Atlanta. The largest attendance in many years filled the hall and it took until 5 a.m. to decide the issue, and by that time tempers were ruffled—old friendships broken, and stamping of feet and booing a regular occurrence. At times the behavior of some was disgraceful and nearly every legal maneuver used so often by professional politicians saw action.

We have heard that some people considered the election results at Atlanta as a "mandate" from the membership. Let us look at the record, as Al Smith used to say. The number of voting members present was 10% of the A.H.A.'s total paid voting membership. Of those present, 152 were members less than one month, 86 were members less than three months, 241 were members less than six months. A total of 479 who had taken out membership within six months of the election!

It would appear that many of these new members may have come in for just one purpose—to try to gain control of the A.H.A. At least, it seemed to be a deliberate attempt, organized from within the Association, as well as from without.

It has been stated that some of the present Directors of the A.H.A. have a "soft attitude" toward surrender legislation, that others seldom attend meetings—also that the Directors, as a whole, refuse to spend money for needed activities, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

It is fair to state that all is not perfect within the A.H.A., but we cannot believe that the solution is to be found in such insurgent action as took place at the convention in Atlanta last October, because such insurgency, not only hurts the Association but also is detrimental to the humane movement as a whole, tending to divide it into opposing camps with what, to the public at large, seem to be irreconcilable views. We do not for one moment believe that such divergent and implacable opposition exists—yet those less familiar with the situation might readily arrive at that conclusion. As a public relations policy, we can think of none worse.

Virtually all of the discord at Atlanta centered around the question of surrender legislation. This is vitally important, to be sure, yet the humane

(continued on page 4)

A. H. A. Directors (continued)

movement is much broader than this issue. We would question the value to the humane movement of those scores of newcomers to the A.H.A. who, by their actions, demonstrated that they thought this issue to be the beginning and end of humane work.

Those acquainted with the facts certainly know that there is room for improvement on the A.H.A. Board. (We resigned a few years ago from this Board because we were in disagreement on some A.H.A. policies.) New blood is needed to strengthen its membership and to hold fast to the basic principles of the Association, but it is just plain foolish to elect well-meaning and kindly people to the Board if they do not possess the practical or technical experience needed to govern a national corporation with millions of invested capital. A Director of the A.H.A. must consider and vote with understanding on all actions of the Finance Committee. He should be well-versed on market trends, investment procedure, and the world of finance in general.

Above all, a Director must also be an expert on humane work—must understand and appreciate the problems of large and small societies, from shelter construction to the latest technique in getting a cat out of a tree and how to cope with the pigeon problem, as well as the coordination of veterinary clinics and hospitals with the regular work of societies.

A Director must understand legislative procedure and he should, of course, subscribe in complete and honest faith to the present A.H.A. policy of opposition to animal surrender legislation. To this, we are satisfied that every Director of the A.H.A. is opposed.

An A.H.A. Director must understand and appreciate child protection. It is often forgotten that the A.H.A. is "a federation of societies and individuals for the prevention of cruelty, especially to children and animals." Child protection is a highly-skilled, professional field, and for at least the last 25 years the A.H.A.'s child protection activities have not been too successful—but, thanks largely to Mr. Tom Becker, Executive Manager of the New York S.P.C.C., the A.H.A. made genuine progress due to his great contribution of time and skill and an abundance of patience.

But a majority of the members at the Atlanta convention voted him out of the A.H.A. Board—a tragic and costly loss to the A.H.A. children's program. It should be remembered that for every unrestricted dollar donated to the A.H.A. and every unrestricted legacy it receives, a reasonable proportion must go for child protection, and the Directors must understand this and direct the child protection work.

The ideal A.H.A. Director is, therefore, an individual who has served the humane cause with distinction for a long period of time—who is interested in child and animal protection—is well-versed in financial and legislative matters—possesses sound judgment and a perspective on national affairs.

This fall when candidates for the A.H.A. Board will again be presented, look them over very carefully—let them explain their qualifications, and then make your own selections. Do not be stampeded by any pressure group—make your own decision—then, if you can, attend the next annual meeting and vote. The humane movement needs a sound and strong national agency and you can help make it so.

E. H. H.



Photo by Jim Doherty

Brownie rests by his young master's grave after his sixteen-mile walk to the cemetery.

Devotion to his young master led to a —

Dog's Faithful Vigil

By Jim Doherty

The picture and the following story are printed through the courtesy of the Petoskey (Mich.) Evening News and Northern Michigan Review.

WHAT kind of blind devotion drove Brownie, a mongrel dog, to run away from his home in Boyne City, Michigan, and go sixteen miles across country by himself to lie on the grave of his seven-year-old master in St. Francis Cemetery?

How did Brownie remember the cemetery—and the right grave after being there only once?

The rollicking, playful 14-month-old pet turned into a dejected old dog almost overnight when his master, Ray Sobleski, Jr., drowned in a northern Michigan boat accident.

Brownie almost quit eating and kept looking for Ray to come and play. He used to follow Ray on his bicycle. When he'd see boys on the street, he'd run out until he got close enough to see Ray

wasn't with them, then he'd sadly turn and go back to watching and waiting.

One time, when the family went with flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Sobleski took the dog along to the son's grave. Brownie seemed reluctant to leave, but they thought little of it. Then, Brownie disappeared. He just didn't come in one night, nor the next day.

Meanwhile a man who lived near the cemetery saw a dog there. He had smoothed off a spot on a grave with his paws and was lying there. Through the local humane society and the undertaker Brownie's identity was traced.

Mr. and Mrs. Sobleski waited around the cemetery that evening until the dog came sadly to the grave and lay down. Then they took him home, his feet cut from his long walk to the cemetery. But he ate little and was believed dying of grief.

"I've heard of dogs doing this sort of thing," the father said, "but never did I

see such a thing with my own eyes. I'm worried about poor Brownie, he's so sad and he's lost interest in everything. We've taken him to a veterinarian in hope that he could do something . . . but what can a doctor or anybody do for a broken heart?"

Following this story which appeared in many newspapers throughout the country, the Sobleskis received hundreds of letters from New York to California as well as three out-of-state telephone calls from people willing to help.

And now we are glad to relate that Brownie is recovering from his sorrow. Dog Warden Marrel Abbey visited Brownie at his home and said the listless dog was gaining weight again and was "so sassy he barked at me. . . ."

"Everybody I talk with is glad to hear that Brownie is snapping out of it," Abbey said. "I feel certain he will recover, but two weeks ago I wouldn't have given much for his chances."

Kindness Personified

By Glenn E. Mosch

WHILE on vacation not long ago I witnessed a truly heart-warming scene that could well stand as a beautiful example to us in our conduct toward our fellow men.

I was driving with my wife along one of the beautiful parkways which abound in Westchester County, in New York. Suddenly we saw, in the middle of the road, a dog who appeared at first glance to be injured and petrified with fright. His body was hunched over, his ears hanging down and, although his eyes bore the expression of stark fear, he nevertheless stared at our oncoming car with a certain look of defiance, as well as supplication.

As we approached him I slowed the speed of our car and swerved to the outside lane in order to avoid hitting him as it was obvious that he had no intentions of moving out of our way. As we passed him at reduced speed we noticed, to our astonishment, that he was not injured but was protecting, with his body, a small bird which, although still alive, had been hurt and could only hobble a short distance at a time. I pulled our car to the side of the road with the idea of helping him, if possible, but soon discovered that he was quite capable of carrying out his own mission.

We sat in our car and watched this pathetic, yet impressive, performance. When there were no cars in sight he would gently nudge the bird with his nose or carefully pat it with his paw, directing it to the safety of the side of the road. As soon as another car appeared he would crouch over the bird—like a mother hen protecting her young, in the position in which we had first seen him.

It was as if he knew that the small bird might not be seen on the road by a driver, but that his larger form could surely be seen and the car would swerve around him. As soon as any oncoming cars had passed him and the road was clear again, he would repeat his nudging and gentle pats to encourage the small bird to hobble towards the side of the road and safety. Although he was in mortal fear of being struck himself, he never once relaxed his role of protector until he had, through his persistence and courage, guided the injured bird out of danger onto the grassy shoulder alongside the road.

Other birds, who were hovering overhead throughout the entire performance, then flew down and took command of the situation. The dog disappeared into the underbrush without the slightest signs of looking for, or expecting a rewarding pat on the head or a word of praise.

For a few minutes we were unable to comment on what we had seen because we both had lumps in our throats and could not help but think what a better world to live in this would be if human beings exhibited the same kindness and help toward each other that this dog demonstrated toward a fellow animal, instead of constantly being at each others' throats as we seem to be today throughout the world.

In case there is any doubt in the reader's mind, Mr. Mosch writes us that the foregoing is an account of an actual incident that he was fortunate enough to witness while on his vacation—Editor.

MOVING?—Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least five weeks in advance.

Prescription: a Dog

By Farley Manning

THE partnership between man and dog seems to have been a profitable one for both sides all through the centuries. Man has employed the dog in many ways and in return rewarded him with food and shelter and taken him into his home as a pet. The dog has kept his part of the bargain by pouring forth love, devotion and faithfulness in equal parts and becoming man's best friend. But a dog can do far more for man than just being a pal, according to Bernice Jenkins of the Fort Wayne *Journal Gazette*—he can be the perfect cure-all.

A dog is a three-part prescription that Miss Jenkins guarantees will produce positive results. Her advice is, "If you are worried, run-down, listless, can't sleep nights, or worse still, suffer from nightmares and don't have a dog, get one. Take a few minutes each day to train him the way you want him to be. Keep him in good health and well-groomed. Then, tell him about yourself and what is bothering you. He won't tell tales, he will listen with soulful eyes, lick your hand, whimper a little to let you know that it will turn out all right; he will snuggle close to you as though he felt you needed a little extra dog-kindness in this dark moment."

Miss Jenkins claims that if you take a dose of this prescription you'll feel the difference in ten days. "Your heart will lift up, your eyes will light up, your friends won't know you," she says. "Just sit with your dog a few minutes, talk things out and soon the sun begins to shine again. Worries and frustrations begin to fade away. Your whole being calms down and once again you are able to face this fast-moving world with all of its complexities."



"My, isn't that cute? He wants you to dry the dishes!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



One quick look was all the mother goat would give her child.



She would ignore the kid completely most of the time and occasionally would even try to attack it.

Cleopatra seemed to be amazed that anyone would want to bother with the baby.

Billy, the Kid

Photos by Walter L. Harter

CLEOPATRA, one of the goats on the farm, has just given birth to her first kid. She appears to be horrified at what has happened; she wants nothing to do with her child. The pictures were taken within an hour of the birth, a hectic sixty minutes. Everyone drew a breath of relief when Baroness, the police dog took charge of the situation. However, within three days Cleopatra had at last accepted her responsibility.



As soon as Baroness, the police dog belonging to the farm, saw the kid, she went to it and did her best to take the place of the real mother.



American Fondouk

THE following letter received from Guy Delon, Superintendent of the American Fondouk in Fez, Morocco is self-explanatory:

I have received with a genuinely felt interest the issue of Our Dumb Animals for November, 1954.

I have read with deep pleasure and attention your kind message to all our friends in the States, as well as your personal story of your short stay in Fez.

I hope that, through your eyes and the kind words you have used to set forth what you saw, all of our well-wishers in your immense country will feel a little nearer the small spot in Africa in which American enterprise and constant generosity have already accomplished so much work and kindness.

It is so kind of you to keep in mind our needs and to stress upon the necessity of immediate financial help to pursue the task at hand and to prevent any set-back on our road toward better treatment of our numberless charges coming and to come.

We are pleased to relate that, in response to Dr. Hansen's editorial, many kind friends sent donations for the work in Fez. Since that time, however, Mr. Delon has written us that the cost of living has risen sharply as has also the cost of materials and food for the animals. Frankly, more money must be sent to Fez each month and we must depend upon our friends.

As Dr. Hansen said, "Here at the Fondouk, in Fez, is American enterprise at its best. We are not trying to buy friends. We are only trying to educate the native Arab population to respect and appreciate the value of their animals."

"It must not fail for lack of support—and support is badly needed. Interested friends may mail contributions for the Fondouk to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. They will be proudly forwarded to Morocco and anyone who thus contributes will have a real part in a wonderful humane enterprise. Please help!"

We sincerely hope that you will be interested in this work that has the commendation of our own government as well as that of France and the local authorities in Fez.

For a few short months, you can order new subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS for only \$1.00! See the outside back cover for details and an order blank, and send us your order today.



This cat is "Sadie Thompson," owned by our good friend, Mrs. Georgia S. Williams, Washington, D. C., and her two admirers.

I'm for Cats

By Grace Allen

"Do you like cats?" you sometimes say.
"No," he replies, "I'm a dog man."

*Of all the cranky attitudes!
Why not like both? Surely he can
Like cats and dogs and bats and frogs
And flashing, silvery tautogs,
(In case you haven't met them: fish).
I think the dog men are just dolts
Unless they also like young colts,
And birds and deer and lambs. I wish
The dog man's mind were not so spastic.
He should look 'round and be elastic,
And recognize there's nothing that's
Charmingier than purring cats.*

No Tipping!

A RECENT letter from a friend reads as follows: "Enclosed is a small contribution for your good work. As a point of interest you might like to know this was money I intended to give as a tip to the mover who brought our furniture from Boston until he made the mistake of saying that if he owned a house he wouldn't rent to anyone with a dog and he didn't know how we got in a nice apartment house with a dog."

"I think the Society can put the money to better use."

Story of "Larry"

LARRY, 12-year-old German shepherd, owned by Doctors Annie G. and John H. Doyle, of Dighton, Mass., has been the faithful protector of the family all his life. Not long ago, however, Larry, while out on the town, so to speak, failed to return.

His owners were greatly distressed and instituted a vigorous search and even instigated radio announcements of his disappearance—all to no avail. Dr. Doyle felt sure that Larry must have been trapped in some hole or been drowned or injured.

On the sixth day, a devoted friend, Miss Yvonne Jolivet offered to make a painstaking search along the river bank and in the woods. After a trek of about two miles she did find Larry, trapped in a barrel-sized hole which was partly filled with muddy water. His head and forelegs were protruding, his eyes blood-shot, his voice almost gone, but he was still alive.

A rescue party was summoned, bringing canvas and a wheel barrow, and milk and food. After relieving his thirst and hunger, Larry was hoisted into a sling, up a steep embankment and onto the barrow and then home to his worried, but now happy mistress. Then the family sat down to the happiest meal for many a day.

Said Dr. Doyle, "The feeling of relief in knowing where he is and that he is not suffering, was great, but the depth of gratitude in our hearts for Miss Jolivet was even greater. Her beautiful act of kindness, selflessness, and her devotion to Larry and Dr. Annie, had saved the dog's life and given untold relief of mind to his worried owners. God bless her!"

Elves at Play

By Judy Van der Veer

*Along a secret leafy trail
I saw a band of baby quail.
They were shy and elf-like things,
Wearing untried, folded wings.
Like dry leaves before a breeze,
They scurried by the feet of trees.
Startled into sudden fright,
They fled like shadows in the night.
I could not find them anywhere. . . .
It seemed that they had not been there!
Now I know I saw that day
Little elfin things at play.*

"Lochy"

May Be

Deaf, but Not "Dumb"

By Gail Eveland



Lochy, Gail Eveland and a small friend

I WAS told that my dog was useless—that she was a “dud” and would never be any good for anything. Everyone was sure that I had been badly duped. Why? My dog is deaf.

Lochy is a small, female golden retriever. When I bought her last summer, at a supposedly trustworthy kennel in Maine, she was nearly a year old and had never been out of her kennel. She was unable to do most of the things that a dog of that age is expected to do. She wasn't housebroken; she barked at everything; she wouldn't even respond when she was called.

She showed no reaction at all to any kind of sound, but I attributed this to the fact that she was used to constant sound in the form of other dogs barking and couldn't distinguish anything else. The owner of the kennel assured me this was the case. He didn't suggest that she might be deaf and the possibility never occurred to me.

Lochy had been with me nearly a month before I began to feel that something might be seriously wrong. I had been impressed by her gentle, obliging

disposition and quickness to learn. She stopped her constant barking almost immediately after several slaps with a folded newspaper. She had even, much to my astonishment, ridden in my car all the way from Maine to my home in Pennsylvania without a whimper. In short, she had been an ideal dog—not the least bit of trouble.

But a month went by and Lochy still wouldn't come when she was called. She wouldn't even turn her head. I took her to a veterinarian who informed me that it was virtually impossible to tell if a dog could hear. Lochy certainly showed no affirmative signs.

I knew I had a problem, but I had grown very fond of the dog and wanted to keep her if it were at all possible. I decided to train her as best I could.

I started by teaching her to sit down. She soon learned that a pointed forefinger meant “to sit.” I accomplished this by having my brother gently push her down whenever I pointed. She saw what we wanted her to do almost immediately.

The next step, also quickly mastered,

was teaching her to shake hands. I picked up her paw and shook it just as I would have done with a normal dog. The only thing missing was the oral command, “sit.”

The first real problem was teaching her to lie down. She couldn't seem to get the idea. After several unsuccessful attempts, I finally slapped the ground with my hand—more as a gesture of discouragement than anything else. Lochy, much to my delight, immediately lay down. She has been doing it ever since.

She learned to come, finally, once she had caught sight of me. I found that she considered a kneeling position a signal to come running, so I soon found myself kneeling whenever I wanted her.

Now, after three months, my deaf puppy can do most of the things that any other dog can do. She will sit, shake hands, lie down and come. She is even well on the way to learning to heel as she walks by my side.

I wouldn't trade Lochy for any other dog in the world. She may be deaf but she's certainly not “dumb!”

ANIMALS IN



SUPPORTING EVIDENCE

May we introduce you to two dogs — Sand, the dachshund, and Ben, the beagle — both of Falmouth, Maine. If any "supporting evidence" is needed, it is obviously feeding time and these notorious beggars know it all too well. Ben looks up pleadingly as though he hadn't eaten for a week while Sand uses her friend for support — a habit of long-standing at mealtime.

Photo by Edgar A. Comee

FOSTER MOTHER

Approximately three weeks old in the picture, this baby otter was rescued from death by starvation. Its own mother, dead, the little waif nestles up to its foster mother, Ginger, who seems to eye him slightly askance but who soon warmed up to her task of keeping the little fellow alive.

Photo, Three Lakes News



olly Santa Claus
A. Pollard, director of
Angell Memorial Hos-
pital, presented the
to animals
under the di-
munity service
Mrs. Gordon E.
the day was Mrs. John
who was assisted by
ck A. Beach, Mrs. H.
re, Mrs. Malcolm Bis-
bert Bradbury, Mrs.
eze M.
that these unfortunate creatures
left behind to forage for them-
selves, will ultimately starve or be-
come diseased as a result of such
unkind and inconsiderate treat-
ment. Weather-
It is true that children do not in-
tentionally hurt animals. It also is
true that the average dog or kitten
seems to realize that children
different from adults
punishment the
other circum-
stances make life
attention," stated Dr. Hansen.
"According to the head of the
department of pathology of our
Angell Memorial Animal Hos-
pital, this com-
have been called to our
among
the Horses Christmas accord-
to an announcement made by
Eric H. Hansen, president of
with the marked increase in
automobiles today,
there are still
in harness
Greene
has arranged to
have trucks, loaded with oats,
carrots, and apples, move around
the city Friday, Dec. 24, where
horses are to be found in
number

WINTER NEWS



A-CLAMMING WE WILL GO

On the clam flats at Barnstable, Massachu-
setts we see that —

"Mary had a little lamb.

Who loved the ocean's swell.

When Mary went to catch a clam

The lamb went along, as well."

Photo by Mrs. Margaret C. Knott

STRANGE PARTNERSHIP

A domestic duck and a wild crow with a crippled wing formed an unusual partnership in Eunice, New Mexico, and became a familiar sight as they grazed together on the lawn at the city hall. Each showed intense momentary interest in what the other might find in the grass. Included in their diet, of course, were bits of popcorn and cookies dropped by the children.

Photo by Kathryn Morris



Mysterious Max

By Genevieve Wright

WHEN the Steeles bought their country place at Longview, Max more or less came with it. Nobody knows quite where he came from—originally, that is; he was just waiting around in the back field. Quite an unfriendly dog, they said.

As soon as the Steeles were settled, he ambled into their living room one rainy day, cautiously sniffed them over, and sizzled the dampness from his unkempt orange ruff into their glowing fireplace. Thereupon and quite complacently, he settled his long slim legs and short fat tail under himself on the rug in front of the hearth. For the next five minutes he studied and laughed at Cecile Steele's assortment of porcelain cats on the mantle. Then his amber gaze shifted to Cecile herself and he forgave her.

The Steeles raised their eyebrows at each other.

"Well," said Andy with light sarcasm directed at his wife's weakness for strays, "it seems the news has reached the animal kingdom that we're open for business."

Max fixed Andy with his sober amber stare. Andy, too, could never resist a sober stare from a stray.

"What'll we call him, Cecile?"

Cecile chuckled. "Let's start with the alphabet and keep going until he shows a gleam of interest."

That's what they did. And that's how they came upon his name.

At "Max" he gleamed.

The Steeles accepted Max as casually as he accepted them. While he laughed at the porcelain cats, Max was tactful enough to make himself agreeable to the

flesh-and-blood ones scattered about the house and grounds. He also made friends with Binnie, the Steeles' cherished mongrel. And who knows? Perhaps Binnie, because of his advancing years, was relieved to turn over to Max the job of guarding the Steeles' acres.

So well does Max guard his adopted home and hearth that even the Steeles' closest friends walk with caution when Max is in the yard. He is notorious for forgetting where he's seen someone before. While he may put his head in your lap in the house one day, it isn't advisable to climb up onto the Steeles' sun porch the next day without a member of the family to vouch for you.

Cecile tells an anecdote which depicts his singular distrust of certain types of mankind.

Two magazine salesmen pushed into the house one day. Max was doing sentry duty in the back field. But wait! By the time the two salesmen had settled themselves for a prolonged discussion on the merits of their magazines, Max was in the living room. His eyes sharpened, his growl deepened. Cecile will tell you she's never seen two magazine salesmen give a faster or weaker sales talk. Max was right behind them all the way to the car.

Who is Max and where did he come from? No one seems to know. The Steeles don't care, and Max won't tell.

On rainy days he sizzles the dampness off his orange ruff into the glowing fireplace, sits down on the hearth, and laughs at Cecile's array of porcelain cats on the mantelpiece.



To a Wild Bird

By Lorraine Good

*Little, puffed-up, yellow bird,
From your ball of sleep
Let your pillowed wings be stirred,
Dawn is swimming deep!
Put to shame the robin's call,
Eye the playful sun
Escalating garden wall . . .
Hear, the street's begun
Its symphony on wheels; and throats
Of locusts hum profound.
Won't you siphon into notes
Morning's liquid sound?*

Feline Hobo

By Clara Shaw

ONE late afternoon in October, we were bringing Daddy home from work. We were later than usual, for we had stopped to see the horses used in the logging operations. It was nearly dark as we approached the crossroads about three miles out of town. As we slowly crossed the intersection, there in the middle of the road we saw a tiny kitten. We stopped to pick him up and he was cold and shivering. No cars, no houses, no people were in sight, so we brought him home.

He soon told us with loud meows that he was hungry. Because he was too small to eat, we fed him a formula of evaporated milk and warm water from a medicine dropper. At ten o'clock that night he went to sleep in a carton beside my bed, wrapped in a woolen sweater, warmed with a hot water bottle.

We took turns getting up at night to feed him. Two mornings later, after his six o'clock feeding, he climbed into Sis' bed to keep warm. She called me to come see him, and his whole little body was rumbling and vibrating with the loudest purrs I have ever heard from a cat of any size.

We were a little concerned as to what treatment Hobo (we named him that because we had picked him up from the street) would receive from our two cats and our dog. After a few mild slaps, Gus, a six-month-old male kitten, accepts him as a brother. Kitch, Gus' mother, tolerates him, and Peg, the two-year-old collie has adopted him for her own.

Peg and I hurried to find him one day when loud squalls proclaimed he was unhappy. Gus, holding him firmly with a paw each side of his head, was washing his face and neck while Hobo rebelled in true little brother fashion.

Hobo is no longer an orphan.

Has Your Dog Imagination?

By Marion I. Witheridge

I KNOW a red-gold cocker spaniel by the name of Goldie who is forced to spend most of his time alone because his owners leave home at an early hour every morning, not to return until late at night. Goldie roams the hills around our area from day to day, but when it rains he knows he can find refuge in my home until the weather is no longer liquid. On good days he is forced to find his own amusements.

Sometimes on sunny days he sits on my large porch and stares in through the screen door wishing for bad weather, or so his woebegone brown eyes seem to express. Of course on most such days I go out to water in my garden, Goldie keeping company around my heels, but one day when I had not made my usual appearance Goldie used his bright imagination to acquire the pleasure of my company. He thought of the hydrant; he turned the handle with his teeth, then scampered back and forth beside the sprinkler until he was soaked and dripping. Next he loped to my front door, ready for admittance, believing he had fooled me into thinking it was raining. I let him in as a reward for such a display of imagination.

"Warring with the rubbers" is a game Goldie made up to amuse himself. This game starts whenever he spies overshoes, especially my husband's large black and floppy rubbers on the front porch. At sight of the "playthings" Goldie points a moment, stalks his prey and circles, growling. At last he leaps at one of them, grabs it between his teeth and flings it through the air with a vicious snarl, to attack the rubber as it bounces time and time again. It seems that Goldie, growling insanely, is pretending he is fighting something quite ferocious in the forest. When my husband steps upon the scene the dog relinquishes the rubbers willingly. He will abandon any game for company.

Whenever I begin to dig around my garden Goldie joins me with enthusiasm. Either he believes that we are looking for good bones or he imagines he is giving some assistance. Busily he makes the earth fly as he digs a hole with his forepaws. I place a bulb in the hole and he excitedly prepares another one. That's how we co-operate in gardening. It used to be that Goldie dug the bulbs up later on to bring them back to me but I have taught him not to uproot them. Goldie is quite a dog.

Are these wild bears just rough-housing for the fun of it or are they trying to improve their co-ordination?



Animals at Play

By Lavina Eva

SCIENTISTS who have studied the behavior of animals are puzzled as to whether they play for the sheer fun of it or whether the action is a perfection of instincts.

Dogs apparently romp with each other and chase a stick just for fun. Squirrels dashing around the treetop after each other seem to be having a great time. Sea lions seem to be playing follow the leader as they climb rocks and leap into the water. One investigator reported that a badger and a dog tussled every afternoon in his back yard and usually other animals gathered to watch them.

The otter is the most gleeful game-maker in the animal kingdom. Soon after he is born, he begins to play and continues this merrymaking throughout his life. Two otters can have a great time at tug-of-war with a stick. One of their favorite winter sports is to sprint on the ice just like carefree school boys. However, the otter slide is their favorite and most spectacular game. An otter will roll down a bank leading to the water's edge. Others follow until the weeds are cleared and their wet bodies have converted the bank into smooth, slippery mud. Otters by the dozen gather and each takes his turn sliding down toward the water on his belly with

his front legs folded back. He hits the water with a smack and then romps with the other otters while he awaits his next turn. One naturalist said, "It is done simply out of a bursting gladness."

Scientists feel that while some animals "play" for the joy of the sport, others may be working off surplus energy or perfecting their instincts.

When young foxes and coons practice stealing upon each other undetected, young dogs snarl and gnash as they tussle, and young squirrels practice edging their bodies around a tree, are they playing or practicing to develop talents they will need to survive?

However, few animals below the mammal perform any activity that resembles play, and it is questionable if they have sufficient brain structure to experience pleasure. Rodents, who develop to maturity at a very rapid rate, show little inclination to play.

Playing is common to animals that are fairly helpless when born and that take a relatively long time to reach maturity. Whether play is instinct-perfecting or exuberance, it is considered a mark of intelligence, and it is encountered more and more as animals ascend the evolutionary scale.

Eighty-Seventh Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1954

ONCE again we have found that the reports of work done by our Society and its various departments have reached such a volume that we are again planning to publish these in booklet form. We are, therefore, confining ourselves in this issue to statistical reports of our activities.

We do wish to take this opportunity to thank most sincerely our many friends who have helped us morally and financially to carry on the huge work of animal protection which we have undertaken despite the ever-increasing costs of operation. Without such aid we could not possibly continue our ever-increasing program.

ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1954

Hospital cases	11,561
Dispensary	15,907
Operations	3,980
Northampton St. Animal Clinic	5,897

ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1954

Hospital cases	4,385
Dispensary	9,880
Operations	1,736

ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD-NANTUCKET CLINIC DURING 1954

Hospital cases	1,565
Dispensary	2,703
Operations	308
Outside calls	252

SUMMARY

Total cases treated in Boston	27,468
Total cases treated in Springfield	14,265
Total cases treated in Martha's Vineyard-Nantucket	4,520

46,253

Cases in Hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	389,058
Cases in Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	907,896

1,296,954

REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STATE

Herman N. Dean, Chief Officer

Complaints investigated	1,996
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	46,983
(at abattoirs, stockyards, railroad yards)	760,213
(at 216 auctions)	18,745
Total animals inspected	825,941
Prosecutions	28
Convictions	27
Ambulance calls	15,028
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	1,390
(placed in homes)	6,437
(humanely put to sleep)	43,401
Horses (taken from work)	34
(humanely put to sleep)	32
Total animals handled	51,294
Mileage	285,116

BOSTON SHELTER

Complaints investigated	804
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	16,383
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	670,221
(at 25 auctions)	664
Total animals inspected	687,268
Prosecutions	6
Convictions	5
Ambulance calls	6,184
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	218
(placed in homes)	2,283
(humanely put to sleep)	11,603
Horses (taken from work)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	6
Total animals handled	14,511
Mileage	75,832

SPRINGFIELD SHELTER

Charles B. Marsh, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	530
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	10,000
(at abattoirs, railroad yards and stockyards)	83,363
(at 111 auctions)	13,284
Total animals inspected	106,647
Prosecutions	10
Convictions	10
Ambulance calls	1,735
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	701
(placed in homes)	2,664
(humanely put to sleep)	10,469
Horses (taken from work)	13
(humanely put to sleep)	5
Total animals handled	13,852
Mileage	39,356

PITTSFIELD SHELTER

T. King Haswell, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	120
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	8,952
Total animals inspected	8,952
Prosecutions	4
Convictions	4
Ambulance calls	2,094
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	43
(placed in homes)	270
(humanely put to sleep)	4,245
Total animals handled	4,558
Mileage	25,894

BRISTOL AND PLYMOUTH COUNTIES

Charles E. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	185
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	3,870
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	1,286
(at 36 auctions)	2,633
Total animals inspected	7,789
Ambulance calls	10
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	71
(placed in homes)	7
(humanely put to sleep)	86
Horses (taken from work)	7
(humanely put to sleep)	1
Total animals handled	172
Mileage	30,967

ATTLEBORO SHELTER

William J. Lees, Shelter Manager

Ambulance calls	684
Small animals	

(returned to owners)	36
(placed in homes)	128
(humanely put to sleep)	1,933
Total animals handled	2,097
Mileage	5,475

BROCKTON SHELTER

Herbert C. Liscomb, Shelter Manager

Ambulance calls	782
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	13
(placed in homes)	86
(humanely put to sleep)	4,776
Total animals handled	4,875
Mileage	6,632

HYANNIS SHELTER

Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	31
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	366
Ambulance calls	604
Small animals	
(humanely put to sleep)	1,076
(horses humanely put to sleep)	1
Total animals handled	1,077
Mileage	28,876

WENHAM SHELTER

John T. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	132
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	2,581
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	124
(at 39 auctions)	1,919
Total animals inspected	4,624
Prosecutions	3
Convictions	3
Ambulance calls	64
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	11
(placed in homes)	42
(humanely put to sleep)	1,174
Horses (taken from work)	12
(humanely put to sleep)	6
Total animals handled	1,245
Mileage	17,396

METHUEN SHELTER

Joseph E. Haswell, Superintendent

Ambulance calls	2,274
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	98
(placed in homes)	683
(humanely put to sleep)	5,842
Horses humanely put to sleep	11
Total animals handled	6,634
Mileage	22,190

WORCESTER COUNTY

Harry C. Smith, Prosecuting Officer

Archie Hollows, Fitchburg Shelter

Complaints investigated	141
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	4,747
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	5,219
(at 5 auctions)	245
Total animals inspected	10,211
Prosecutions	4
Convictions	4
Ambulance calls	450
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	9
(placed in homes)	22
(humanely put to sleep)	987
Horses (taken from work)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	2
Total animals handled	1,021
Mileage	19,799

MARTHA'S VINEYARD SHELTER	
W. D. Jones, D.V.M., Prosecuting Officer	
George Jackson, Shelter Manager	
Complaints investigated	51
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	84
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	121
(placed in homes)	176
(humanely put to sleep)	817
Total animals handled	1,114
Mileage	7,060

NANTUCKET SHELTER	
Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager	
Complaints investigated	2
Ambulance calls	147
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	69
(placed in homes)	76
(humanely put to sleep)	393
Total animals handled	538
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Mileage	5,639

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CHILDREN'S



—Photo by Harold M. Lambert
"Wanna race?"

We're All Brothers under the Skin

By Mildred Peters (14)

YOU have heard so many times that we are animals. It's true; the only difference is we have a bigger brain and are made different.

Let's take a cat and tell about him. A cat is brought into a home by a summer boarder. It gets the best of care all summer long, but when the summer is over they are left behind to starve or get killed. If the summer people have a good heart, they take it with them or give it to someone who can give it care. They can always call the SPCA.

Or let's take a dog. A dog is treated the same, but when the dog is put outdoors and wanders away from home, bad children tie tin cans on his tail. He begins to bark and run, but the cans stay on his tail until someone kind takes them off.

People don't get treated like that; why should you treat animals wrong? Sit down and think: are you treating the animals right or wrong? If you are treating them wrong, you better start treating them right.

An animal can save your life some way, someday. Why take their life? Be kind and you will get paid for it in the end. Keep it in mind, if you know what I mean.

My Pussy

By Karen Mitchell (12)

*I have a little pussy
And her coat is silver gray
She lives in a great wide meadow
And she never runs away.*

*She'll always be my pussy;
She'll never be a cat
Because she's a pussy willow!
Now, what do you think of that?*

A Guest in the House

By Peggy Ann Baldwin (13)

WOULD we keep her Siamese kitten over the Labor Day weekend, a friend of ours asked. We did, but along with Bruno, our boxer dog, and our angora cat Amber, our house was in a turmoil.

All you could hear was cats' paws charging up and down the steps. And at night it was impossible to sleep, with the two cats chasing each other on and off your bed. Our poor dog suffered from a lack of sleep also, as the kitten insisted on pestering him or sleeping in his bed.

The kitten made my mother a nervous wreck. It was always into something like climbing the venetian blinds or swinging on her draperies, and finally chewing up her favorite house plants.

At the end of three days when the kitten went home the house seemed like a morgue, and Amber looked all over for her new-found friend.

I'm hoping the kitten pays us another visit someday.

Daddy Was the Doctor

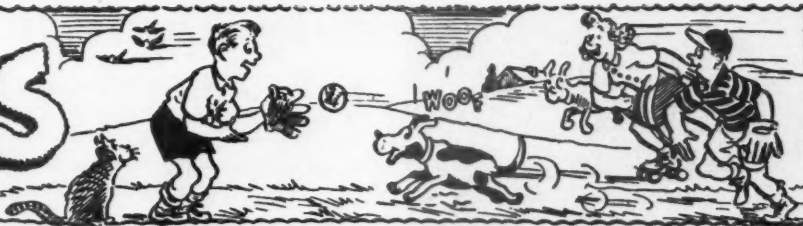
By Cheryl Santos (8)

WHEN Duke was small, he looked like a little brown bear. He was cunning and warm. I liked him very much.

In the morning I fed him oatmeal. My mother said he was a nice puppy. I said so, too. I took him to bed with me every night.

The years passed fast. Duke was not a puppy any more. After two years passed, Duke got hurt. He got hit by a car. He was hit badly. My father took very good care of Duke. Soon Duke was well and running around the room, playing with me.

PAGES



Marilyn and Fritz

Who Blew Out the Candles?

By Marilyn Friedman (11)

FRITZIE" is my dog. He is a dachshund. Fritz is two years old. Every morning, he jumps upon my bed to wake me up.

His birthday is May 6th. On Fritz's birthday, we make him a hamburger cake. He is very jealous if I pet any other dog besides him. Here are some tricks he can do: beg, speak, stand on his hind legs, and some others. Fritz is a very nice pet and I love him very much. I enjoy OUR DUMB ANIMALS very much.

A Cricket in the Cellar

By Alan Messenger (7)

I HAVE a cricket in my cellar. And he sings about every night when I go to bed. He is a nice thing to have. Don't you think it is nice?

My Smart Little Dog

By Darleen Elliott (8)

DO YOU have a pet? I have a pet; his name is Trixy. He likes to jump. He likes to play. He likes to catch sticks. And he likes to swim. And he is brown and white. When I ask him how old he is, he wags his tail seven times. And he is a dog, but he makes a sound like a cat.

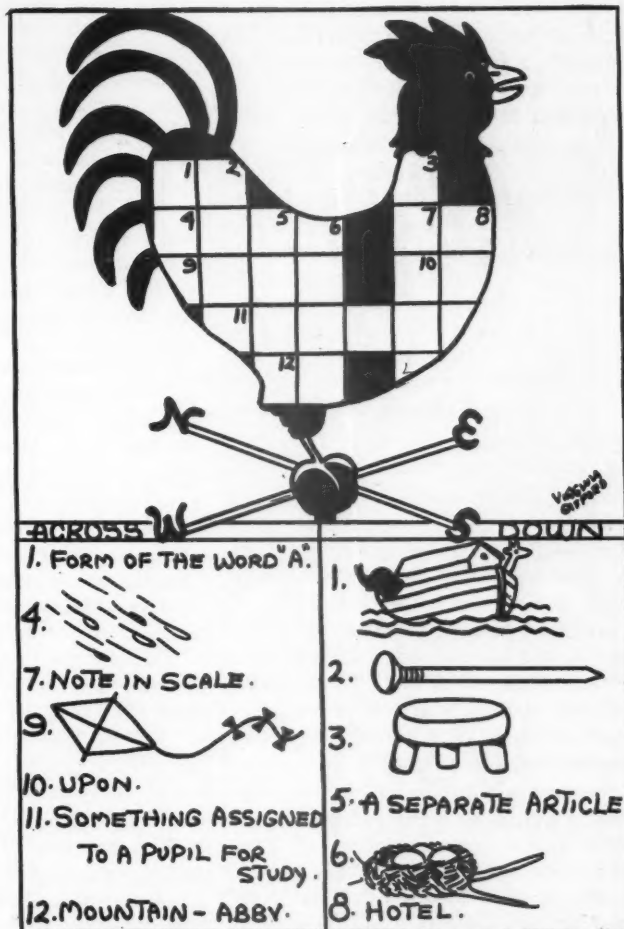
Heigho-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean ANIMAL FAIR, of course, our Tuesday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6:15 - 6:30 P.M. every Tuesday.

Won't YOU be there?

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE: Across - 2. chef, 4. N. T., 5. pig, 6. ti, 7. Eden, 9. leg, 11. OK. Down - 1. oft, 2. Cupid, 3. engine, 6. tea, 8. elk, 10. go, 11. oh.



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



Charles G. Bancroft

DEATH came to Charles G. Bancroft in January, at the age of 87. Mr. Bancroft, a Director and Vice-President of our two Societies, and a Trustee of our Permanent Funds for many years, will be sorely missed.

His interest in the work of animal protection dates back to 1914, when he was elected to the Board of Directors. From that date his interest never wavered as he took on more and more responsibilities in connection with the finances of the organizations. His never-failing willingness to be of service led him to accept the posts of Vice-President and member of the Executive Committee.

His greatest service, however, was the responsibility he assumed in becoming one of the three Trustees of our Permanent Funds. Year after year he gave unstintingly of his time in cooperating with the other Trustees that our Societies might weather every financial storm.

Both he and Mrs. Bancroft were very fond of animals, showing a vital interest in every phase of the work. They always had pets at their home and were interested in the work of other Societies in various parts of the country.

We shall miss his counsel and his generosity, as well as that of Mrs. Bancroft whose death occurred about a week later. Our sincere condolences are extended to their two sons, Stowell H. Bancroft, of Pasadena, Calif. and Winthrop Bancroft, of Jacksonville, Fla.

One Big Happy Family

THERE ought to be room in the human heart for all animals, but you *can* overdo it. A woman in Chicago, for instance, was evicted recently from her hotel suite for keeping there 2 dogs, 3

cats, a two-foot alligator, 2 pigeons, 3 parrots, 7 canaries, and 2 aquariums, one full of goldfish and one full of minnows. Her heart was in the right place, but her pets were not.

By Marjorie McKay

Cats, the Marshal, and I

By Gladys Mraz

WHEN I went west a few years ago to supervise a small hospital, I never dreamed that I would defy a marshal. Custodian of the local law, he was most reminiscent of the Old West with his blue jeans, cowboy boots, big Stetson, and a gun slung low at the hips.

It was all because of cats. When I arrived at the hospital there was a wild, scrawny, gray mother cat. Though she was no beauty, she had three wonderful kittens, still very young. One day, some boys caught the hungry mother in a trap and we saw her no more. So the night nurse and I became stepmothers to the three babies. We raised them as babies should be raised, too! We fed them Pabulum laced with cod liver oil, baby-food liver soup and pure canned cream. They grew and grew and *grew*. The tom and the tiger were always skittish, but the black-and-white female, whom we called Miss Priss because she walked like a queen, would allow us to scratch her chin upon occasion.

New kitten litters arrived. They all remained a bit wild, scooting over the adobe wall on the slightest provocation. At times we would find boys setting traps for them, but we sprang them. When the traps became too numerous, we hid them. So the cat family grew sleek and bright-eyed, though they remained timid.

Then one morning the Town Marshal arrived with traps and a complaint. "People are complaining about these cats," said he, "so we must do away with them."

This was the Law; I knew I had to be diplomatic. "What will you do with them?" I asked.

"We will have to dispose of them, but we will be gentle. I have a big, yellow cat of my own. This is not my idea."

"Well," I said, "that cat over by the wall is my own Miss Priss, and I certainly don't want her caught. That big, black-and-white tom is the hunter here, catching mice, scorpions and centipedes; I think the hospital should keep him."

The Marshal was looking at the cats and nodding affirmatively.

"Now, that pretty calico cat," I continued, "has kittens up under the eaves, so it wouldn't be wise to catch her right now for we never could get the kittens out. And you know that big white cat sunning himself on the adobe wall belongs to the motel people. If you catch him, you'll have a lawsuit on your hands."

"I'll tell you what, nurse, if any of those cats gets caught in the traps you can let them out," and he went his way.

Naturally the tamest cats got caught first. I had to set the white cat and Miss Priss free that evening. We kept a twenty-four-hour vigil, springing the traps and freeing the cats. Soon the bright little things became trap-shy and we did not have to watch so carefully.

The Marshal checked the traps less and less as he found no cats. One day, I saw him close the traps and put them over by the wall.

I have been gone from there some time now, but letters from the cook inform me that the cats still sun themselves on the adobe wall. They still climb the catalpa trees, run over the kitchen roof and sleep under the eaves.



"I wish they'd make a large economy size."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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OR

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

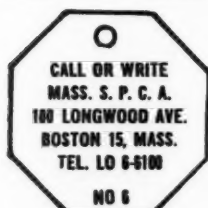
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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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